MARVEL
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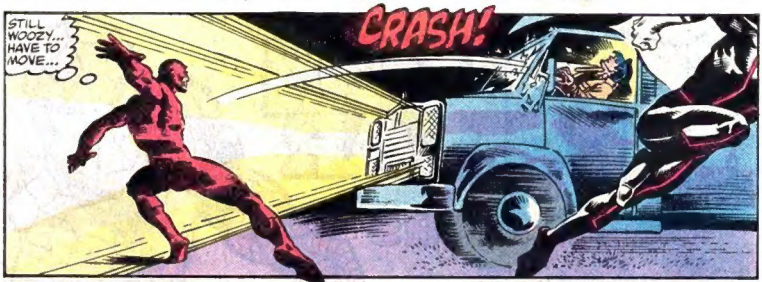
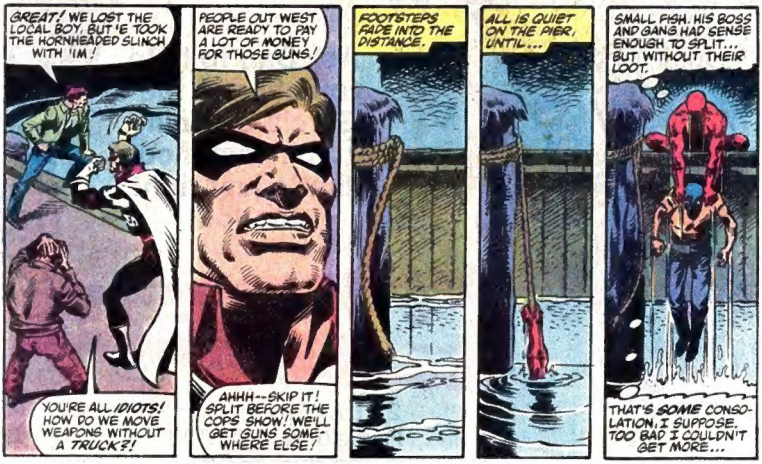
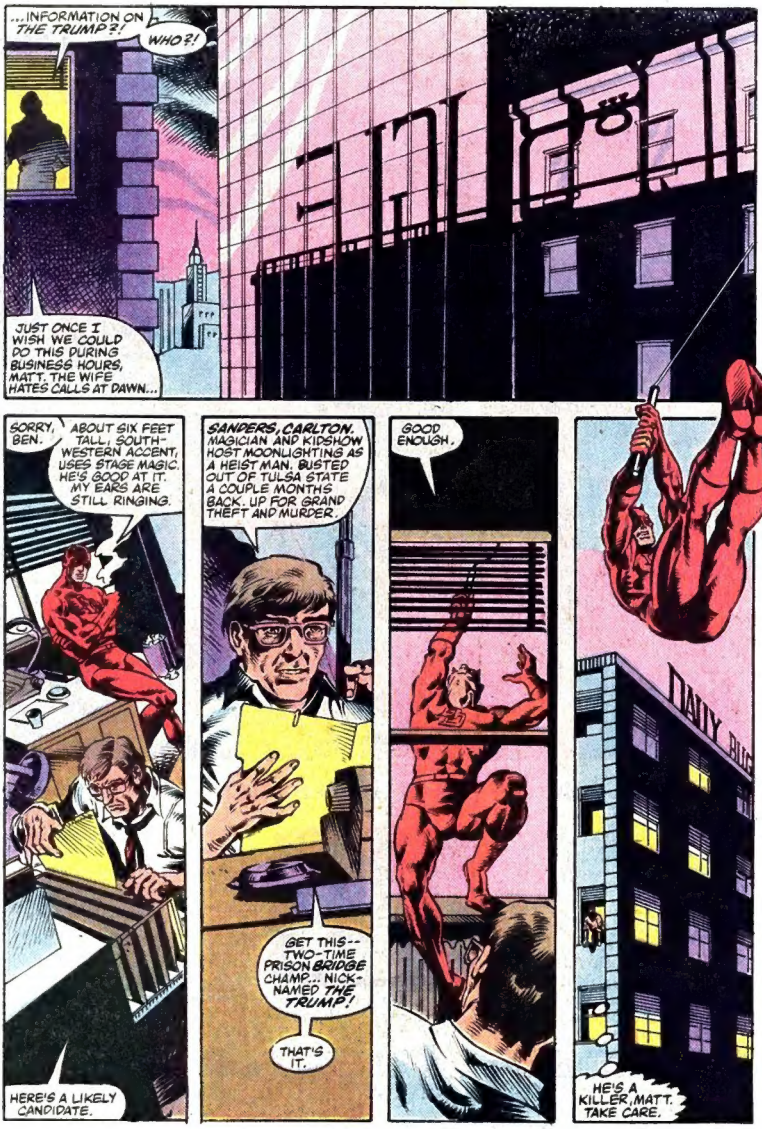
FOUR HEART-BEATS, PUNKS--AND NOT BRIGHT.
OOF!
TRUMP! DO SOMETHIN' OR THERE WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT O' US BUT FUR 'N' CLAWS!
GET BEATEN INTO BAD HEALTH IF YOU WANT, BOYS! ME, I GOT A BETTER IDEA!
ENOUGH, HERO! I GIVE UP!
INTERESTING. WONDER WHAT HE HAS IN MIND?
NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE.
SURRENDER ISN'T IT! HIS PULSE IS SPEEDING, MUSCLES TENSED...
PRESTO!
BLAM
ARRGH!
IMPOSSIBLE! HE DODGED THAT SHOT AT POINT BLANK RANGE!
YOU STILL PUT 'IM OUTTA ACTION--AND I'M GONNA KEEP 'IM THERE!
STYMIE! NO!
VROOM
GUNSHOT... CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE...
TOO LOUD FOR SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS...
WHAT?! TRUCK BEARING STRAIGHT AT ME!


STILL WOOZY... HAVE TO MOVE...
CRASH!

8
SKREEE!


GREAT! WE LOST THE LOCAL BOY, BUT 'E TOOK THE HORNHEADED SLINCH WITH 'IM!
YOU'RE ALL IDIOTS! HOW DO WE MOVE WEAPONS WITHOUT A TRUCK?!
PEOPLE OUT WEST ARE READY TO PAY A LOT OF MONEY FOR THOSE GUNS!
AHHH--SKIP IT! SPLIT BEFORE THE COPS SHOW! WE'LL GET GUNS SOMEWHERE ELSE!
FOOTSTEPS FADE INTO THE DISTANCE.
ALL IS QUIET ON THE PIER, UNTIL...
SMALL FISH. HIS BOSS AND GANG HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO SPLIT... BUT WITHOUT THEIR LOOT.
THAT'S SOME CONSOLATION, I SUPPOSE. TOO BAD I COULDN'T GET MORE...


...INFORMATION ON THE TRUMP?!
WHO?!
JUST ONCE I WISH WE COULD DO THIS DURING BUSINESS HOURS, MATT. THE WIFE HATES CALLS AT DAWN...
SORRY, BEN.
ABOUT SIX FEET TALL, SOUTH-WESTERN ACCENT, USES STAGE MAGIC. HE'S GOOD AT IT. MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING.
HERE'S A LIKELY CANDIDATE.
SANDERS, CARLTON. MAGICIAN AND KIDSHOW HOST MOONLIGHTING AS A HEIST MAN. BUSTED OUT OF TULSA STATE A COUPLE MONTHS BACK. UP FOR GRAND THEFT AND MURDER.
GET THIS-- TWO-TIME PRISON BRIDGE CHAMP... NICK-NAMED THE TRUMP!
THAT'S IT.
GOOD ENOUGH.
DAILY
HE'S A KILLER, MATT. TAKE CARE.

THE TOMBS, 10 AM...
I GOT BACKERS, NELSON! I CAN AFFORD THE NELSON-MURDOCK FIRM!
YOU'D BE WASTING THEIR MONEY, MR. SCHMIDT.
CALL ME STYMIE.
YOU HAVE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE. A STARTING PUBLIC DEFENDER COULD MAKE AS MUCH WITH IT AS I CAN.
I WAS FRAMED.
YOU WERE CAUGHT DRIVING A GETAWAY TRUCK TO BE USED IN A CRIME. YOU TRIED TO KILL A MAN.
I WAS JUST WALKIN' BY. THE COPS GOT IT IN FOR ME.
AM I MISSING SOMETHING, FOGGY?
HI, MATT. MEET STEWART SCHMIDT...
CALL ME STYMIE.
HE'S DETERMINED TO HAVE US REPRESENT HIM.
I DESERVE THE BEST, RIGHT?
MR. SCHMIDT, THIS IS MY PARTNER, MATT MURDOCK...
MATT MUR--?!
DAREDEVIL!

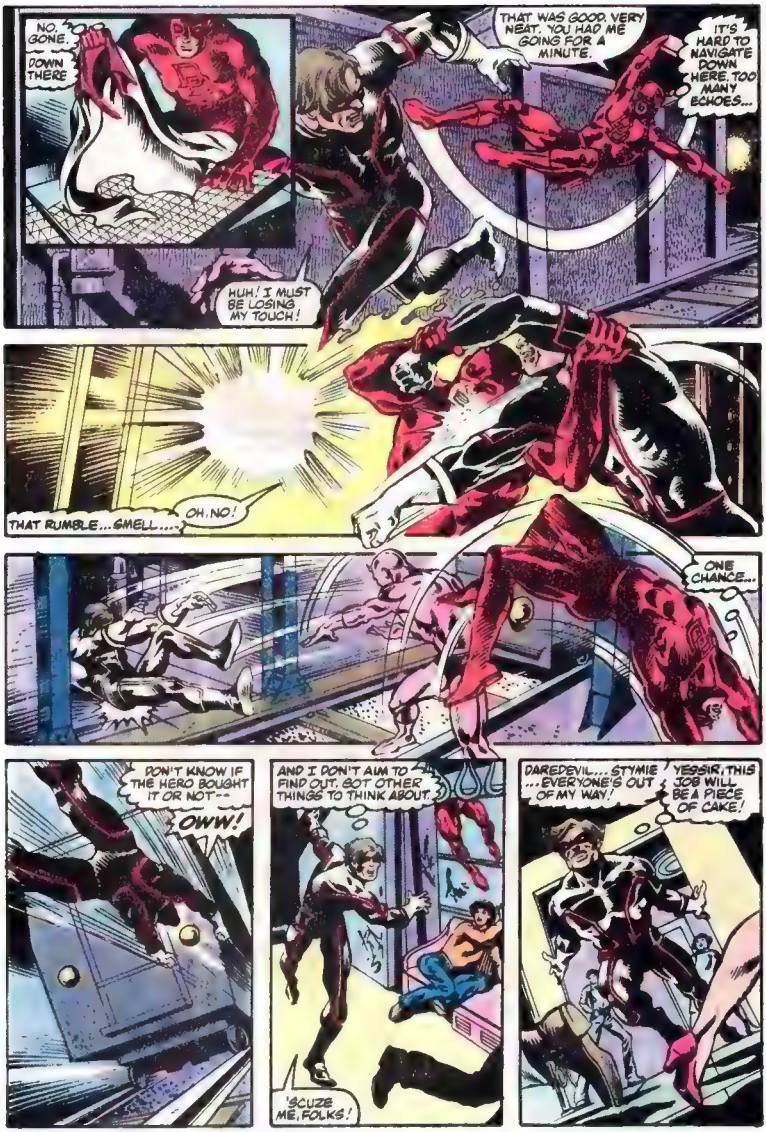
I GREW UP WITH THIS GUY! MURDOCK THE BOOKWORM -- A MOMMA'S BOY!
REMEMBER WHAT WE CALLED YOU FOR LAUGHS BACK THEN, MATTIE-BOY?
DAREDEVIL!
STYMIE -- DON'T...
WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT...
DAREDEVIL... YOU USED TO CALL ME DAREDEVIL...
YEAH, DAREDEVIL. YOU'RE A MOUTHPIECE NOW, HUH? MUST BE NICE.
DID YOU COMMIT THE CRIME YOU'RE ACCUSED OF?
NAW.
ALL RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE THE CASE.
MATT, WE CAN'T.
I'LL HANDLE IT ALONE, FOGGY.
ONE DAREDEVIL HELPS ME BEAT ANOTHER DAREDEVIL! I LIKE IT!
YOU'RE OKAY, MATTIE-BOY.
WAIT UP, MATT! TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! STYMIE SCHMIDT IS GUILTY AS SIN AND YOU KNOW IT!
HE STILL DESERVES A DECENT DEFENSE.
A LOT OF WHAT I AM TODAY IS DUE TO THAT MAN. I OWE HIM MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW.
THIS MAY BE MY ONE CHANCE TO PAY HIM BACK.

NOON...
WE SLEW IT, TRUMP!
THIS RACKET'S SO SLUFFED UP ORAL ROBERTS COULDN'T GIVE IT LEGS!
MOOSE HEAD BREWERY
WHERE'RE WE EVER GONNA FIND 'NOTHER SHIP CARRYIN' WEAPONS? COPS PROB'LY HAVE EVERY ARMORY IN EVERY STATE HEREABOUTS COVERED!
AN' THAT SLINCH STYMIE'S PROB'LY SPILLIN' HIS GUTS 'BOUT US RIGHT NOW!
Y'KNOW, BURT...
YOU'D COMPLAIN IF THEY WERE HANGING YOU WITH A NEW ROPE.
FOOSH!
BE HAPPY THAT WAS JUST A CONCUSSION PELLET IN MY CANE. I SHOULD'VE BURNED YOU BAD FOR LIPPING OFF.
IF NOBODY ELSE HAS GOT COMPLAINTS, LISTEN UP!
I GOT A PLACE TO HIT--AN ARMORY NO ONE WOULD EXPECT US TO TRY FOR.
THE MOB'S ARMORY.
HUH?! YOU'RE ALL ET UP WITH DUMB! OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH MULE EGGS!
WRONG. WE'LL STRIKE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING--
--AND ONCE WE'RE OUT OF TOWN, THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO.
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT STYMIE SCHMIDT!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
AH WISH HE WOULDN'T DO THAT!

4 PM...
WHAT'S WITH MATT, FOGGY? HE WANTS EVERYTHING THROWN ON A BACK BURNER SO HE CAN HANDLE THIS SCHMIDT CASE.
FRANKLIN NELSON
I WISH I KNEW, BECKY. IT'S LIKE AN OBSESSION WITH HIM.
I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN HE GETS LIKE THIS.
SORRY--NO DEALS. WE'RE GOING FOR A JUDGEMENT OF INNOCENCE.
D.A.'S OFFICE?
UH-HUH.
DUMB, MATT--REAL DUMB. ANY FIRST YEAR LAW STUDENT WOULD KNOW ENOUGH TO BARGAIN IN A CASE LIKE THIS.
THE WAY YOU'RE HANDLING IT, IT'S LIKE YOU WANT SCHMIDT TO GET THE WORST SENTENCE POSSI--
OH, MATT.
YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE...
HELLO? I'D LIKE TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO SEE MY CLIENT.
FOGGY! YOU CAN'T LEAVE! YOU HAVE THE MRS. KRAMER APPOINTMENT AT 4:30!
RESCHEDULE IT! THIS IS IMPORTANT!
I HAVE TO GET SOME FACTS --AND QUICKLY!

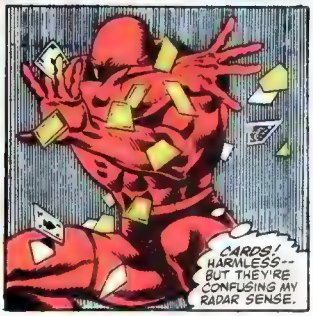
6 PM. THE TOMBS...
COULDN'T THIS'VE WAITED 'TIL MORNING, MURDOCK?
I HAVE A RIGHT TO SEE MY CLIENT ANYTIME I CHOOSE.
WHAT?! THAT PASSING GUARD--HIS HEARTBEAT!
THAT WAS THE TRUMP!
SEE, IT'S ONLY THAT IT'S FEEDING TIME, AN'--
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH SCHMIDT?
GET A DOCTOR! NOW!
HEART'S STOPPED--BUT HE'S STILL WARM. LOOKS LIKE ELECTRIC SHOCK.
I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE YOUR CASE THIS WAY, STYMIE!
LIVE!
LIVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I JUST SAVED YOUR PATIENT'S LIFE, DOCTOR!
EXCUSE ME.
HEY!
THE WAY HE MOVES, Y'WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS BLIND, WOULDJA?

THE TRUMP HAD QUITE A HEAD START--BUT HE COULDN'T MOVE TOO QUICKLY IN THE TOMBS WITHOUT DRAWING ATTENTION!
SO HE'S PROBABLY STILL IN THE AREA.
PAYDIRT!
TRUMP!
DARE--?! YOU DON'T LEARN, DO YOU?
I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS MYSELF, HERO!
YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT A MAN CAN LEARN IN PRISON.
YOU NEW YORK TYPES MIGHT ENJOY A GOOD BRAWL.
ME, I DON'T LIKE DOING ANYTHING I DON'T GET PAID FOR.
HEY!
OH MY LORD! I'M NOT PICKING UP A HEARTBEAT!
THAT COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM!


NO, GONE... DOWN THERE
HUH! I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH!
THAT WAS GOOD. VERY NEAT. YOU HAD ME GOING FOR A MINUTE.
IT'S HARD TO NAVIGATE DOWN HERE. TOO MANY ECHOES...
THAT RUMBLE... SMELL....
OH, NO!
ONE CHANCE...
DON'T KNOW IF THE HERO BOUGHT IT OR NOT--
OWW!
AND I DON'T AIM TO FIND OUT. GOT OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.
'SCUZE ME, FOLKS!
DAREDEVIL... STYMIE ... EVERYONE'S OUT OF MY WAY!
YESSIR, THIS JOB WILL BE A PIECE OF CAKE!

OHHH...
MIGHT AS WELL CALL IT QUITS, TRUMP. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER--
--AND THERE'S NOWHERE IN MANHATTAN YOU CAN GET BIG GUNS!

THERE'S ONE PLACE, HERO. THERE'S ONE PLACE.


CARDS! HARMLESS-- BUT THEY'RE CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE.

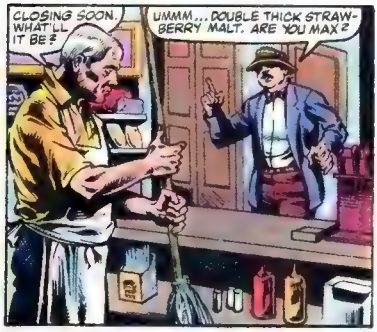
RUSH HOUR! I DIDN'T REALIZE!
LOOK OUT! LET ME THROUGH, PLEASE!
JEEZ! HOW PUSHY!

BLAST! LOST HIM!
IT'S SO MUCH EASIER CAPTURING SOMEONE WHO STICKS AROUND TO FIGHT!

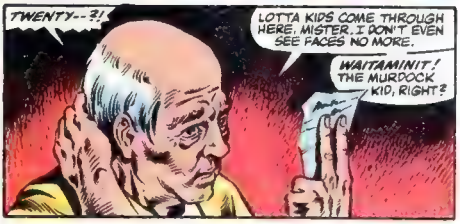
WONDER WHAT THE TRUMP WAS TALKING ABOUT? ONE PLACE?
IT'D HAVE TO BE SOMEWHERE THE COPS DON'T HAVE UNDER WRAPS!
HOLD IT!

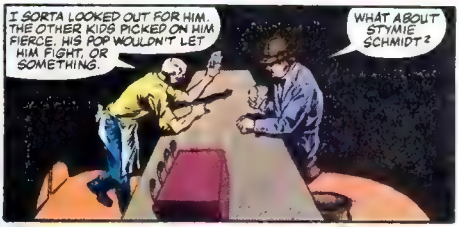
NO. HE CAN'T MEAN TWAT!

8:30 PM...
TAXI

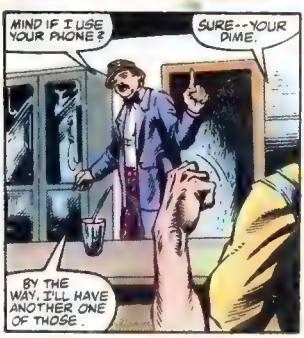

CLOSING SOON. WHAT'LL IT BE?
UMMM... DOUBLE THICK STRAWBERRY MALT. ARE YOU MAX?

YEAH. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THIS BOY. HE USED TO COME IN HERE ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO.


TWENTY--?!
LOTTA KIDS COME THROUGH HERE, MISTER. I DON'T EVEN SEE FACES NO MORE.
WAITAMINIT! THE MURDOCK KID, RIGHT?


I SORTA LOOKED OUT FOR HIM. THE OTHER KIDS PICKED ON HIM FIERCE. HIS POP WOULDN'T LET HIM FIGHT, OR SOMETHING.
WHAT ABOUT STYMIE SCHMIDT?

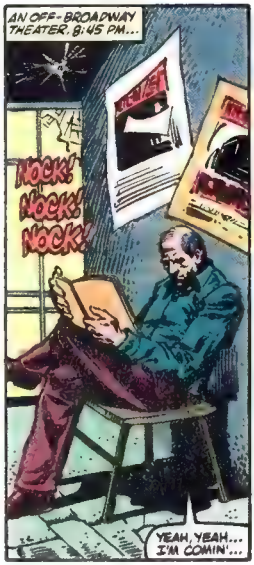
OH, HE WAS MEAN! DUMPED BUTTERSCOTCH SYRUP OVER MURDOCK IN HERE FIRST TIME MURDOCK HAD A DATE. GIRL LAUGHED HER HEAD OFF.
THEY WAS ALL PRETTY MEAN.


MIND IF I USE YOUR PHONE?
SURE--YOUR DIME.
BY THE WAY, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE.

8:30 PM...
LISTEN TA ME, GROTTO. THIS JOB IS DIFFIRENT... A CINCH...
I DUNNO, TURK...

I LIKE STAYIN' OUTTA JAIL...
WHOA!
HA-A-A-ALP!

I'M CLEAN, I SWEAR.
SURE.
I NEED SOME INFOR-MATION, TURK.


AN OFF-BROADWAY THEATER. 8:45 PM...
KOCK! KOCK! KOCK!
YEAH, YEAH... I'M COMIN'...

GIVE IT A REST, HUM? YOU GUYS ARE FIFTEEN MINUTES EARLY...
BACK STAGE

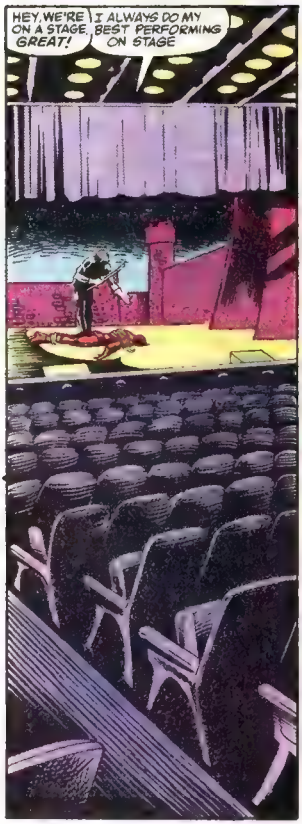
THWAP!

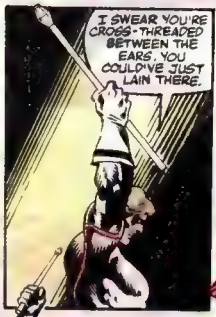
9 PM...
WHAT'D YOU OPEN SO SLOW FOR, MICKEY? WE GOT A WHOLE TRUCK TO UNLOAD.
IF IT'S SUCH A HASSLE, LEAVE THE CRATES IN THE TRUCK.
IT WOULD SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF LOADING IT AGAIN.
HUH?!
IT'S A FIX! GET 'IM!
WOMP!
WHACK!
AH, YES! THESE LITTLE BABIES WILL REVOLUTIONIZE CRIME.
BOYS, OUR FORTUNES ARE MADE!
WHAT IN--?!
THOK!
AW, NO! CAN'T YOU TAKE A HINT, HERO?
NO FLUNKIES, NO CROWDS, NOWHERE TO GO.
JUST YOU AND ME, TRUMP!

SUITS ME FINE, BOY!
SMOOTH. THAT CANE CAME PRACTICALLY OUT OF NOWHERE.
FACT IS, I WOULD HAVE LET YOU LIVE -- BUT NOT AFTER YOU'VE SEEN US ROBBING THE MOB!
UMF!
THAT MIGHT BE MUSCLE TO YOUR NORTHERN PUNKS, HERO...
...ME, I'VE LIVED THROUGH TEXAS BRAWLS.
GO AHEAD. SCARE ME SOME MORE.
I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!
TIME I PUT SOME KITTY-COMBOTTY ON YOUR FACE.
I TAKE IT THAT'S SOME KIND OF THREAT.
I'M NOT IMPRESSED.
NAH! IT ONLY SLOWS YOU UP, SO I CAN DO--
--THIS!
ZAT!
BOY, YOU'D BETTER BE.
ROPES? RIBBONS? YOU MUST BE AT THE END OF YOUR TRICKS!
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO STOP ME?

ONE JOLT OF ELECTRICITY, ONE DEAD HERO. I'VE ALWAYS GOT A TRUMP CARD UP MY SLEEVE, BOY.
FIRST, STYMIE, THEN YOU -- AND ALL MY TROUBLES ARE GONE.

WELL, WELL... YOU'RE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT, HERO!
YOU'RE MOVING!


HEY, WE'RE ON A STAGE, GREAT!
I ALWAYS DO MY BEST PERFORMING ON STAGE


I SWEAR YOU'RE CROSS-THREADED BETWEEN THE EARS. YOU COULD'VE JUST LAIN THERE.

NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU THE HARD WAY!
SWAK!

THAT'S IT -- KEEP STRUGGLING, MAKE THIS MORE FUN.
GET UP, DAREDEVIL! I DARE YOU!

GET UP, DAREDEVIL! I DARE YA!
I'LL... GET YOU...

TWAK!
...GET YOU... I'LL GET YOU...
END OF THE ROAD, HERO.
THOT!
WUMP!
LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE CLUMSY... BARELY STANDING...
SUR-PRISE
WHA--?! MY COAT!
NO MORE TRICKS, TRUMP!
NO MORE TRICKS.

ENOUGH! I GIVE UP!
THAT'S IT-- CLOSER. JUST A LITTLE CLOSER...
FOOSH!
SUCKER! TOLD YOU I ALWAYS HELD THE TRUMP.
BY THE TIME YOUR EYES CLEAR--
TRUMP--
--SHUT UP!
WHEW.
FUNNY...FOR A MINUTE THERE I DREAMED I WAS BACK IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. WEIRD.
THE DOWNTOWN MOB WON'T BE PLEASED THAT WE TAGGED THEIR WEAPONS STASH.
I WONDER HOW THEY'LL TREAT THE TRUMP?
WELL... HE'S TOUGH. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF--
--IN PRISON.

Bullpen Bulletins

Hi! I'm not Jim Shooter, but Jim is my boss. I'm Lynn, his assistant. My job is to help Jim. And *that* means trying to help some of the people who call or come to Jim's office with questions or problems. Editors, writers, artists, movie producers, and other important Big Wheels come here to see Jim. I handle as much as I can for him because he's *soooo* busy! The most important people I help are you, the Marvel Comics fans out there who write or call with all sorts of serious (and sometimes crazy) questions. That's a huge job, so *I* have an assistant too! Her name is Margaret Clark, and she's terrific! We're here to help. We can tell you the best way to send in your art and writing submissions or help you find your local comics shop. *But*, we're real busy, so when you call or write to Jim or us, please be as brief as you can. Please clearly state what you want to know. We will find out and get back to you as soon as we can.

We get *a lot* of requests to give tours. We get so many requests that we couldn't possibly give a tour to everyone who asks – and since it isn't fair to pick just a few, we don't give any! We are working on doing something about that, because, really, we *love* giving tours. It's fun meeting other people who are as excited about Marvel Comics as we are (and it's one of the few times that Jim unchains us from our desks). But, until then, I thought I'd give you a quickie tour of the Marvel Bullpen.

JACK ABEL'S SHORTS...

Jack Abel is an inker (a *great* one!) who works in the Bullpen. His "shorts" are about 3 feet wide, have great big red polka dots, and are made of cardboard. Someone took a great big bite on one side! They are stored at the front of Jack's drawing table where he often sleeps... err... um... works. I'm not certain why somebody stuck those shorts on Jack's table, but they sure look funny.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE ANCIENT ONE

Nearby to Jack reclines paste-up man Morrie Kuramoto, who, according to legend, is the oldest Bullpenner. He'll tell you about the healthful properties of onions, garlic and carrot juice – but see this month's Bullpen Bulletins Special, which appears in Marvel's three Direct-Only titles, *Micronauts*, *Moon Knight*, and *Ka-Zar* where Bullpen Manager Danny Crespi gets Morrie to tell all.

And Danny! Danny Crespi is an adorable cutie (maybe the nicest man in the whole world!) who's taken to wearing suspenders. Poor Danny, girls just love snapping suspenders.

RON'S COMMAND CENTER

Ron Zalme is Danny's assistant manager – it's no easy task to run the Bullpen. Besides all the other important stuff he does, Ron's duties include supervising the operation of the Bullpen's *toaster* (which he's nicknamed "ROM") and storing volleyball equipment. Yep, we sometimes play volleyball in nearby Madison Park at lunchtime!

PARKER'S ALL-NITE LETTERING SERVICE

Nearby to Ron is Rick Parker – ace letterer and all-around hard worker. This man doesn't ever go home! He's always working in the morning when I come in and even if I leave at 10 p.m. he's *still* there working. If he does go to sleep, I bet he sleeps with his Crowquill pen clenched tightly in his hand.

DESIGNER'S DEN

The Bullpen has a great design and production team. There's Joe Albelo, Barry Shapiro and Robbin Brosterman all in a row. They work on the magazines designing layouts and doing paste-ups and after they finish they climb out and dust themselves off.

ALSO IN THE 'PEN...

...are Paul Becton, who does coloring and referencing, George Roussos, cover colorist, John Tartaglione, who does art corrections, and John Morelli, who's a letterer. They call John M. "Squid" because he worked on a ship one summer. He's *very* muscular (because he lifts weights) and he looks kinda like the Sub-Mariner!

EDITOR'S ROW

Across from the Bullpen is Editor's Row which is growing ever longer. Each office has a personality unique to each team. There are cartoons on the doors, walls and windows. There's all *sorts* of weird, crazy and fun things going on all the time. But, there are too many of them for me to tell you all about all of them here – and, besides, you hear more about them than the other Bullpenners.

STAT'S R US!

I mustn't forget Robbie Carosella and Harry Candelario who do the photostats and who are a big part of the Marvel Bullpen. Since every single page of every single Marvel Comics must pass through the stat room, their job is critically important. I try to treat them right! And, Robbie manages the Marvel Softball Team!

OUR 'PEN MOTHER

Who ties it all together? It's our lovely Traffic Manager Virginia Romita. Virginia is the one who encourages the editors to get the creative people to finish their work on time! She also makes sure that all in-house work gets out to the printers. Without Virginia you might have to wait MONTHS between your favorite titles. It's time Virginia gets some fan mail of her own! Thanks, Virginia.

THE THRONE ROOM!

Jim Shooter's office is along Editor's Row, but just a bit away from the Bullpen. He's got a *big* table for a desk. On his desk is the Bubblegum Machine that Terry Austin, Les Sapp and I gave him for Christmas. We do our best to keep it filled with jelly beans for Jim, but Chris Claremont and everyone else keep doing their best to empty it! Jim's desk is surrounded by the piles of mail that he gets everyday. You already know that he reads all his mail. He'd love to *answer* it all, but of course, it just isn't humanly possible! Jim also has a swell comfy chair that swivels. And since he's away now, I'm sitting in his chair swiveling and writing *his* Bullpen Bulletin. I wonder if *anyone* will notice?

Take care,

Lynn

Lynn E. Cohen

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

Watch out this month, true-believers! There's no way we can pick out just one or two books as especially exciting. The assistant editors have been going crazy with their brief thirty days at the helm of Marvel, so all our comics are bound to be... well, unique this month. If you don't want to miss any unheralded magic, charm, or silliness, you'd better buy all our titles! How's that for unabashed hype?

- ☐ **THE THING #7**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #202**
- ☐ **NEW MUTANTS #11**
- ☐ **DAZZLER #30**
- ☐ **CONAN THE KING #20**
- ☐ **RETURN OF THE JEDI #4 (Limited Series)**
- ☐ **MOON KNIGHT SPECIAL EDITION #3**
- ☐ **MARVEL RETREAD FUNNIES #1**
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #248**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #289**
- ☐ **THOR #339**
- ☐ **INDIANA JONES #13**
- ☐ **MOON KNIGHT #35**
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS #56**
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- ☐ **AVENGERS #236**
- ☐ **CONAN THE BARBARIAN #154**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #158** — Reprinting **Amazing Spider-Man #21** by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO, "Where Flies the Beetle!"
- ☐ **X-MEN #177**
- ☐ **ROM #50**
- ☐ **POWER MAN/IRON FIST #101**
- ☐ **G.I. JOE #19**
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- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #262**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #137 — Aunt May and Franklin Richards**
- ☐ **ALPHA FLIGHT #6**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #86**
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MARVEL ANNUALS

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- ☐ **X-MEN ANNUAL #7**

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #95**
- ☐ **MARVEL AGE #10**
- ☐ **MARVEL FANFARE #12**

EPIC COMICS

- ☐ **EPIC ILLUSTRATED #21**
- ☐ **DREADSTAR #7**

11 PM...
FOGGY! WHAT--?!
YOUR MESSAGE SAID IT WAS URGENT I GET OVER HERE.
SIT DOWN, MATT. HAVE A SODA.

IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED AND I'M IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES.
SLURP
I'VE DONE SOME CHECKING AROUND, MATT. I WANT YOU OFF THE SCHMIDT CASE.

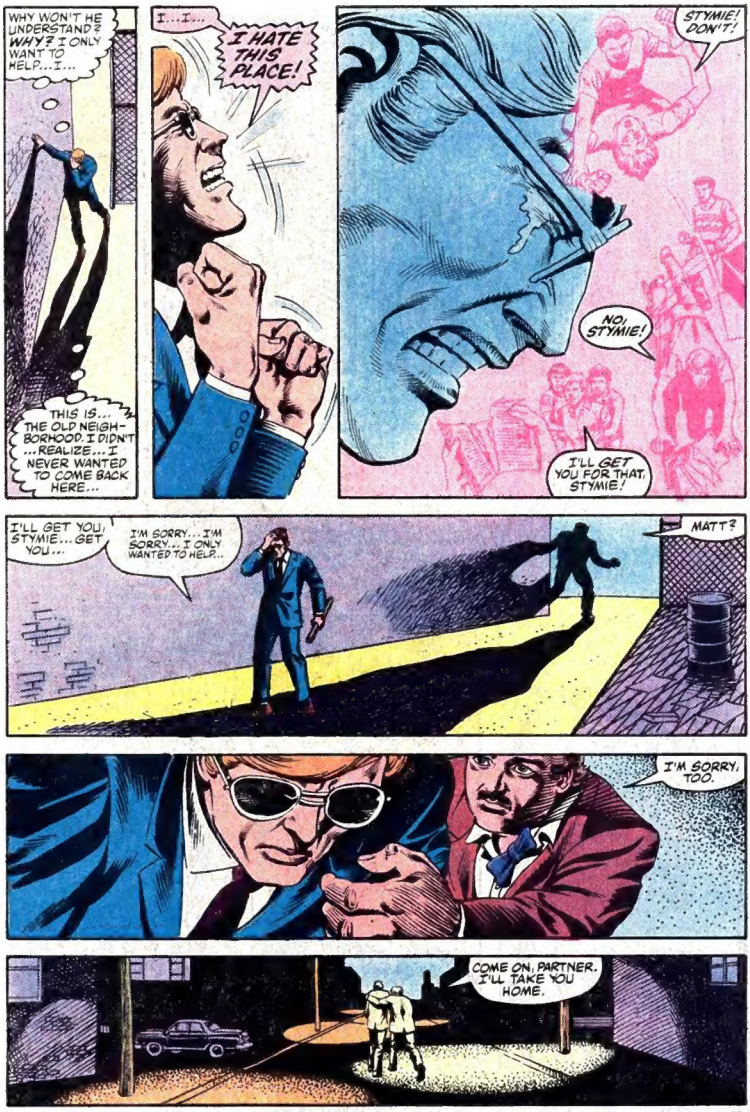
THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT BAD BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND SCHMIDT SINCE YOU FIRST MET. I THINK YOU THINK THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE FOR REVENGE.
NO... THAT'S NOT TRUE...
I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WALK INTO COURT AND PRETEND TO DEFEND SCHMIDT AND DESTROY WHATEVER IS LEFT OF HIS LIFE.
YOU'RE ENTITLED TO HATE SCHMIDT, I THINK--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN USE YOUR POSITION TO CRUCIFY HIM.

NO...

TWO MORE, MAX.
MAX?! OH MY LORD... WHAT'S THIS ADDRESS...?
NO MATTER WHAT STYMIE SCHMIDT MAY HAVE DONE TO YOU, WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO TO YOURSELF IS SO MUCH WORSE!

NO...YOU'RE WRONG... YOU'RE WRONG...
MATT?
...WHY DID YOU BRING ME BACK HERE...WHY...

MATT!
Candy Store


WHY WON'T HE UNDERSTAND? WHY? I ONLY WANT TO HELP... I...
THIS IS... THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD. I DIDN'T ...REALIZE... I NEVER WANTED TO COME BACK HERE...
I...I...
I HATE THIS PLACE!
STYMIE! DON'T!
NO, STYMIE!
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, STYMIE!
I'LL GET YOU, STYMIE... GET YOU...
I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY... I ONLY WANTED TO HELP...
MATT?
I'M SORRY, TOO.
COME ON, PARTNER. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.

THE TOMBS, 11 AM...
MATTIE-BOY! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
MAYBE NOT. I'M TURNING YOUR CASE OVER TO A PUBLIC DEFENDER--SOMEONE WHO CAN BE OBJECTIVE ABOUT YOU.
WHAT?!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A WIMP@! WHATSA-MATTER? NOT ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOU?
YOU WANNA HIT ME? GO AHEAD. YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO!
YOU WON'T-- WIMP@!
NO... I WON'T.
WHEN... WE WERE KIDS... WHY ME? WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?
HUH? WHY?!
I DUNNO... I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
THAT'S BEEN BUGGING YOU ALL THESE YEARS, HUH?
BOOO! YOU WANT TO HEAR SOMETHING? I NEVER EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
THE PAST MEANS NOTHING, MURDOCK! NOTHING!
FOR SOME OF US, STYMIE...
...ONLY FOR SOME OF US.
NEXT ISSUE:
DD'S STRANGEST FOE EVER!!